



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,616.

Leads All the Rest.

During January, February, March and April of this year The Evening World carried 5087 columns of paid display advertising.

No other New York paper equalled this showing. The increase over The Evening World's own record for the corresponding four months of 1903 was 1270%—columns—more than twice the gain made by any other paper.

DEATH IN CHEAP CANDY.

The death of little Freda Dorsch is an inconsequential incident in itself; more than one-third of the city's mortality is that of children under five. But its supposed cause, the presence of an irritant poison in the cheap candy or "hokey-pokey" ice cream she ate, is important because of the constant menace to the health of children in the adulterated "sweets" of which they are the most numerous consumers.

The supervision exercised by the Board of Health over the sale of foods of all kinds is commendably strict. The sanitary police within a year make more than 1,000,000 inspections and destroy more than 50,000,000 pounds of contraband material. Their efficiency nevertheless leaves something lacking when it does not secure the childish customer of the street vender full immunity from danger.

Prof. Louis B. Allen renews in Good Housekeeping the old warning against the use of aniline dyes in coloring candy. They are poisonous in the extreme, with the presence of arsenic always indicated. Add to their deleterious effect that of the acid-bleached starch, otherwise glucose, the white-clay filling matter and the glue such as gives consistency to the mock gum-drop, and the amount of poisonous matter which a few pennies will provide for the infantile stomach is too much for it to cope with.

The more public exposure of the offending dealers and their severer punishment when convicted would do much by way of example to deter those who escape the inspectors' scrutiny.

A day that brings 50,000 children to Central Park in May parties goes far to show that parks have better uses than to serve as school-house sites.

CAPT. GODDARD'S REFORM WORK.

If definite proof were desired of the extent and importance of the public service performed by Capt. Norton Goddard through his exposure of the Western Union Telegraph Company's partnership with pool-rooms it was furnished Saturday by the fact that for the first time in years nearly every pool-room in the city was "out of business." It was a situation unprecedented in a local racing season and one made possible solely by the original revelation of the company's complicity in the evasion of the law.

The great merit of Capt. Goddard's reform work is that in fighting a public evil he goes directly to its sources. In his policy he was not content with raiding the rooms of the small dealers; he went higher up, to "Al" Adams, their backer. He passed over the pool-rooms to attack the rich and reputable corporation on whose news reports their existence depended.

Apart from their more important results, the very quietness and persistence of his methods are in agreeable contrast with the momentary sound and fury of the periodical crusades against the lesser agencies of vice.

STATEN ISLAND FERRY PROSPECTS.

Mayor McClellan has promised the people of Staten Island that the next time he comes to visit them officially he will come on a "big double-deck ferry-boat of one of the best ferry lines in the world."

The day of that visit will see the borough of Richmond given means of communication with Manhattan more nearly adequate to its demands than the antiquated and inferior service which has long worked to the island's detriment. The region which is by location and natural advantages the Greater City's most attractive suburb will then be brought within easy reach of an excess Manhattan population of the better class, whose presence will stimulate a development too long delayed by the handicap of unsatisfactory transit facilities.

As the Mayor pointed out in his talk with The Sunday World, one of the most noticeable features of population changes hereabouts during the last ten years has been the "shifting of residence from one borough to another." In this movement, which has greatly helped Brooklyn and the Bronx, Staten Island, with the inducement of a last ferry line, will share and profit.

And if, as is not unlikely, another ten years should see the institution of a tunnel belt-line connecting St. George with Thirty-fourth street by way of the Pennsylvania and Long Island tunnels and a tunnel across the Narrows to Bay Ridge, the popularity of Richmond Borough as a place of residence should realize in fact what has been confidently hoped for it since the days when the rich New Yorkers of half a century ago began to build their country homes there.

A WOMAN'S "EIGHT" ON THE HARLEM.

The appearance on the Harlem River of an eight-oared barge "manned" by women is an aquatic event more interesting for its novelty than for any indicated promise of a permanent development by women of this form of masculine athletics.

Women have shown skill and endurance in canoeing and in yachting, but the oarswoman really deserving the name is an infrequent product.

It might be expected that the large college population would develop here. Among the 39,000 young women pursuing the higher education no doubt the material exists for an acceptable eight-oared crew. The most noted of women's college crews, that at Wellesley, has, however, done but little more than show the possibilities of rowing as a feminine sport.

It is a form of athletics the sex might cultivate with profit. The old notion that it is harmful has been disproved by a census of former Harvard rowing men who were found to have reached a hale old age, with a death rate lower than that of other college graduates.



The Peril of the Ready-Made Woman.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"Girls have not so much to do at home in these days of the ready-made article, when we are all in danger of becoming ready-made women, with ready-made homes and machine-made souls."

It is interesting statement was made by a speaker before a meeting of Federated Women's Clubs yesterday and aroused much discussion and comment.

The peril of the ready-made woman is not a fancied one. She is a very real result of the change in economic conditions in the last hundred years which has taken the old-time feminine occupations out of the home into the factories and shops and left the woman who does not follow them without an occupation.

From the days of the Roman matrons to the time of our own grandmothers the duties which the woman of average circumstances had to fill her own time and hands in her own home were quite equal to those her husband performed in the outer working world.

It was her recognized duty to make the clothes of her entire household, to manufacture woollen garments, taking them through all the different processes from sheep to hand loom, and the linen of the household from flax to spindle. But the invention of modern machinery emancipated her from these duties. And like all sudden emancipations, it merely took away one occupation without furnishing another. That is one reason which makes the howl against the working woman so illogical. In shops and factories she is today pursuing the very same occupations that belonged to her grandmothers and her great-grandmothers back to the day "when Adam delved and Eve span." When the inventive genius of the sons of Adam took the woman's work out of her home and made it cheaper and cleaner, and more sanitary for the daughters of Eve to spin together instead of separately, and for general instead of private consumption, it was inevitable that they should profit by the change. And the women who do, are not "new women," but old as Methuselah.

The really new woman is the "ready-made woman" who sits at home, her occupation, like Othello's, gone, who does not keep house because it is easier to board; who does not sew because it is cheaper to buy her clothes ready-made; who dawdles and fritters away her time from one matinee day to another, and is a living example of the human parasite, or to use a time-honored simile, the clinging vine, which when it clings too much or climbs too far, must inevitably sap the life of the oak, its fabled mainstay and support.

But the ready-made woman does not stop at taking her clothes or her home ready-made.

She prefers her thoughts that way, too, and they are furnished to her from the latest milk-and-water, hundred-thousandth edition novel or the junk heap of the popular dramatist. Even her music is ready made, for the self-playing piano has added the last finish to her machine-made idleness, and exalted her to the seventh "ready-made" heaven.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

From Side, Not End, of Spoon.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the correct thing to do in eating soup? To take it from the side of the spoon or from the end of the spoon?
D. J.

Common Sense and Will Power.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a heavy smoker? What would cure the habit?
E. H.
Percy Sanderson, 17 State Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who is the chief representative of the British Government in this city?
J. K.

Yes, In 1886.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Was Theodore Roosevelt ever nominated for Mayor of New York City?
DAVID B.

Apply to Commandant of Yard.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I obtain a pass for the Brooklyn Navy-Yard?
F. P. L.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

Mr. Peewee Discourses on Planked Babies.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Was Written by K. G. Le Arde, No. 257 West 44th Street, New York City.

PRIZE PEWEE HEADLINES for To-Day—\$1 paid for each: No. 1—THOMAS F. MAHER, 78 East Fifth street, Brooklyn; No. 2—JOHN A. SCHWEIGART, Weehawken, N. J.; No. 3—P. E. NAETHING, 182 Park avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

To-Morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Gook, "A Whistleable Essay on Smudge."

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

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Just When She Is Making Every Sacrifice for Him, He Only Acts More Mean and Selfish, and the Worst of It Is That All Married Men Are as Bad as He!

"WHAT do you care for me, Mr. Nagg?"

"What does any married man care for the woman who tells him to wash his face and brush his hair, and sweeps and dusts, and mends and darns and minds babies and nurses him when he is sick and waits on him hand and foot when he is well, and makes a perfect fool and slave of herself for a man who doesn't care two pence for her and never thinks even to ask her how she feels or if she would like to go any place or if she wants anything, but I know it is all my own fault, because I put up with your awful temper and your endless fault-finding and never say a word to you while you carry on till you are black in the face and scold and talk, talk, talk without stop for hours and hours, although my head is aching fit to split, but you don't care how I suffer, although you see me in tears, bitter tears, which I weep in silence, and sorn to answer your cruel words!"

"Why don't I say something, you Nagg?"

"What do you care if I say anything or if I don't? I find it best to meet your black humors with dignified silence. But what I will say is that if I put up with what I put up with and suffer with what I suffer and keep silent, it is not because I am afraid of you. Thank goodness I am not your slave to tremble at your frown."

"I keep silent and never say a word because I am a well bred woman. What good would it do if I handled words with you? Even when you smashed your finger putting down the carpet and squeaked like an ass if you were killed, I scorned to reply to you."

"Ah, I will admit you wound me in my tenderest emotions, although I hide the wound and turn with a gentle smile to my tormentor."

"I haven't your flow of words, Mr. Nagg. I cannot vituperate and find fault and sneer and scowl as you do. 'How would I like to take a trip to St. Louis to the World's Fair? That's right, change the subject, dodge the issue when I take you to task.' 'You are thinking about going to St. Louis, you are!'"

"Well, if you are thinking about going, why don't you go? You know you don't want me to go with you. You know you only asked me for politeness' sake. Oh, I have lived too long with you, Mr. Nagg, not to know how much you care for my company."

"And look how I am treated. You know how anxious I am to go to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and yet when I know you are thinking of going and am anxious that you ask me to go along with you, you grow strangely moody and silent."

"Can you blame me if my heart is breaking at the way you treat me? What is that you say? I won't give you a chance to say a word? Insult me, say I am a shrew and be done with it! Oh, I shall go mad, I know I shall go mad."

"And to-day when I was so happy! You saw I was happy! You saw that I was trying to make it a quiet and restful day. I was sitting here in calm reflection, in a happy reverie, when you burst in on me with an endless tirade and then accuse me of being a tiresome scold."

"I see it all. You only started the subject of going to the World's Fair at St. Louis, so you could pick a quarrel with me and dash from the house in a rage."

"Ah, that old scheme of yours to pick a quarrel with me, and then run from the house and say my scoldings have driven you from home! It won't do, Mr. Nagg, it won't do."

"You married men have tried it too often. But I tell you that I know you want to pick a quarrel."

"There he goes, roaring with rage! Didn't I tell you that was his scheme all the while? Didn't I tell you?"

"Oh, what's the use to try to have a happy home?"

"Expensive foolery."

"That man Baxter would do anything to fool his wife."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Why, one night he walked the streets until 3 o'clock in the morning just to make her believe he had been carousing at the club. And it was raining torrents all the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



By Martin Green.

The Pool-Room Man
Has to Pay, Pay, Pay! Pity His Lot.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that the new Third Deputy Commissioner of Police has started after the pool-rooms, and is eating them alive."

"If he don't get indigestion he'll be all to the good," replied the Man Higher Up, "but he's not the first man in this town who has tried to do the Bosco act with the pool-rooms. It would be a fine thing for several thousand poor suckers in New York if the pool-rooms were closed up as tight as the Federal Bank, but there will be pool-rooms as long as there are men with brains shrunken enough to lead them to imagine that they can beat the races."

"Bad as the pool-rooms are, they are better than the books at the track from any standpoint, and from a selfish economic view they are to some extent a benefit, inasmuch as they give back a percentage of their winnings for expenses. Few bookmakers own homes in New York, and few spend any money here except in the all-night restaurants, the manicure parlors and some other places. The pool-room owners pay rent for 500 rooms in town, and pay good salaries to 6,000 men. All of these men live right in town, and most of them have families. Their earnings probably aggregate \$30,000 a day, all of which is spent right at home. The bookmakers in the Metropolitan Turf Association don't employ over 500 men, and not more than half of them spend more than the summer season in New York."

"Many bookmakers back pool-rooms in winter, thus leading a double life. In summer they bet on the races at the track and are protected by law. In cold weather they bet on the races in comfortable rooms in New York side streets, and immediately become crooks. We are a fine, consistent community when it comes to framing up a stand on the gambling question."

"What is the percentage against men who play the races in pool-rooms?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Dope it out for yourself," answered the Man Higher Up. "They have to pay their share of the expenses of the tracks, of the horse-owners, of the jockeys, the rubbers, the bookmakers, the trainers, the track detectives and gate-keepers the ushers, messengers, grass cutters and sprinklers, the 6,000 pool-room employees and the pool-room keepers' profit. The percentage is about the same as it is in throwing a brick in the air and betting that it will stay up."

Fables, Far, Far from Gay.

No. 13—The Man Who Had Been Up Against It.

THERE was once a Man who had been Up against It in a continuous streak; so he decided to Consult an Astrologist to find out what had Happened to him. It chanced that the man who doped his Horoscope was a Woman and a Blonde, which he was duly grateful for.

In a fabled room, with no even the Stars to see, the Occult Blonde, after osteopathically Patting his Hand, murmuredly exhaled the Past:

"You were born in the Scales, from which several Consequences follow. First, I see a Scaliness, which Accounts for your Family Name of Fish. This Quality is plainly discernible, also, in your Business Transactions. Second, still holding to the Scales, you have always had your own Weight."

"Third, your Ambition has been to Scale the Heights of Social Success. In this you have Failed because you rubbed other People's Scales the Wrong Way."

"You have made the Mistake of avoiding Water—your natural Element. Not thus does the true Astrologist commune with Spirits. As regards Race Characters, you are a Finn, and should be able to Paddle your own Canoe in the Social Swim. But—weigh this well—all is not Gold that Gills, and the World will not lightly set the Seal of its Approval upon a Shark."

"Enough of the Past!" groaned the Man who had been Up against It. "What of the Future?"

"Strive to gain Balance," advised the Astrological Blonde. "This will incline you less to become Tipsey. Give Equal Measure, and the Scales will turn in your Favor. In a chance Encounter avoid Hooks to the Jaw, and perhaps it would be just as well not to Marry at all. Though your five-fifty, please."

And he Swam off to ruminate in a convenient Grotto, where they Keep Free Bait.

Favorite Jap Card Game.

A favorite card game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to other players, who place their hands face upward on the "tatami," or thick mat of rice straw, on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read, the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players, for the quick-shifting and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured sarcasms.